

her heart, ever have forgiven him if he had?
For genuine
as was her despair, no less genuine was the
passion for
him that she keeps half veiled beneath a
mixture of
mockery and modesty, mischief and
reticence. 'Love is a
terrible word', she will write back, when he
has seized
ardently on some unguarded phrase of hers,
'and I should
blush if anything but a letter accused me
on't. Pray be
merciful and let it run "friendship" in my
next charge/
Yet she lives for his letters. 'Your last letter
came like a
pardon to one upon the block'; or 'never
anyone was so
defeated as I was to find none'; or 'I chid my
maid for
waking me in the morning, till she stopped
my mouth
with saying she had letters for me. I had not
patience to
stay till I could rise, but made her tie up all
the curtains to
let in the light; and amongst some others I
quickly found
my dear letter that was first to be read, and
which made
all the rest not worth the reading.* As for
writing to him:
'nothing that is paper can 'scape me, when
I have time
to write, and 'tis to you'. One night her
brother and a
friend are talking by the fire and 'amongst
other things
(which I did not at all mind) they fell into a
discourse
of flying; and both agreed that it was very
possible to
find out a way that people might fly like
birds, and des-
patch their journeys so: I, that had not said
a word all
night, started up at that, and desired
they would say

a little more in it, for I had not marked the beginning;
but instead of that, they both fell into so violent a laughing, that I should appear so much concerned in such an art; but they little knew of what use it might have been to me'.

And so in the end such fondness and persistence triumphed,¹ and Dorothy Osborne came, without need of

is an entry in her brother's diary, belonging to the period just after she had yielded to Temple's absolute refusal to give her up,

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